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SHAKESPEARE'S HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

By Oliver M. Sayler

IT was an evening in May, 1928. The curtain had fallen on "King Henry IV, Part I" in the motion picture house in Stratford-upon-Avon which the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has used as its temporary home since the fire of March, 1926. Another Spring Festival had closed—the fiftieth since the late Charles E. Flower and his public spirited fellow citizens of Shakespeare's birthplace had dedicated the playhouse on the banks of the Avon to the perpetual and living memory of Stratford's famous son, with a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" in which the beloved Helen Fawcett (Lady Martin), played Beatrice.

There was a hush after the curtain fell. No one stirred in his seat. Oldtimers recalled the simple and homely ritual with which previous Spring Festivals had terminated. Strangers in the audience caught the cue of expectancy from them.

But before the traditional ceremony began—the ceremony in which, as in countless seasons past, an actor on the stage joined hands with someone in the audience on the left; the living link passed through the audience and reached the stage again on the right and all to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne"—something else had happened. Something else had happened in the other years when Archibald Flower, chairman of the Board of Governors had a report of one kind or another to make to the public. But there was in the air last mid-May a premonition of something more significant than usual. The familiar figure of Mr. Flower came through the parted curtains and gave the report of the condition to date of the British and overseas funds for the rebuilding of the Memorial Theatre. As he closed, the premonition persisted. A moment later the audience's watchful waiting was rewarded. With the timidity of an author on opening night, W. Bridges-Adams, for the past ten years the director of the Company sponsored by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, came to the footlights. For him had been reserved the honor and privilege of the official announcement that late that afternoon the Board of Governors had voted permission and funds for the long projected and much discussed tour through Canada and the United States of the Stratford-upon-Festival Company under the direction of F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest. Seldom has an announcement of such significance been made in so modest a voice. Only as the audience filed out after singing the old song hand in hand did the full realization dawn upon them.

For the announcement was significant. Not only was the tour to be an event of international importance, a gesture of good-will between the mother country, her dominion and the sister nation across the border, but, as Bridges-Adams pointed out in a voice all but stilled with emotion, this tour was to be the stepping stone to the permanent company, growing and mellowing with the years, which will be housed in the imposing structure whose cornerstone, this Shakespeare Birthday of 1929, is laid among the ashes of the old Memorial Theatre in Stratford.

In the past, the Board of Governors of the

Memorial Theatre and their director had had to bid farewell in September to the actors who had played together for them since early April. The Spring Festival was successfully linked each year with the Summer Festival by a tour through the British Provinces. But when the Summer Festival was over, a long gap loomed until the next March when rehearsals were called for the next Birthday Festival. The young players who had trained and who had worked together might wish the best way in the world to accept the invitation to come back again the following Spring, but in justice to themselves they had to accept whatever other employment was available on the London stage through the Winter, employment which might still hold them under contract when Stratford called again. All this worked out most discouragingly for Bridges-Adams, for in training new players each season only to lose them to the London managers, he felt as if he were pouring sand into a bottomless pit.

With the trans-Atlantic tour definitely arranged, all those days of grief were over. The players whom he wished to keep he could keep, train them week by week and month by month into a more closely knit and perfect ensemble. Long term contracts are always a lure to the player, and he would thereby be able to enlist a finer and still finer company against the opening of the splendid stage to be built by the willing contributors of an entire world to perpetuate the memory of Shakespeare and send out across the world spiritually invigorating waves of his inspiration in the form of travelling companies.

The consummation of this project was the result of negotiations extending over the last five or six years. Parleys were begun by Mr. Flower with Morris Gest two seasons before the old Memorial Theatre burned. They were renewed immediately after that catastrophe. But the time never seemed completely ripe. On each of his swings around the Canadian and American circle at the invitation of the American Shakespeare Foundation, he kept the project alive. Finally, last Spring he sent his confidential secretary, Henry Tossell, to America to clinch what appeared to be a favoring set of circumstances. From that moment events moved rapidly until, on the closing day of the Spring Festival, cables passed assuring the long dreamed reality.

The first trans-Atlantic tour of the Startford-upon-Avon Festival Company, sucessful beyond all hopes, was psychologically timed. Both the United States and Canada were keenly interested in this company on account of the campaign for the rebuilding fund of the Memorial Theatre. The tour aided the fund campaign as the fund campaign aided the tour.

Strangely enough, no outstanding favorites appeared among the eight plays of Shakespeare in the repertory for the tour. Position had more to do with public favor than title.) Shakespeareans, like other playgoers, appear to prefer the latter half of the week to the first half for their attendance. That, of course, may be attributed in part to the fact that this was a "get-acquainted" tour and that he reputation of a hitherto unfamiliar company grew in drawing power during the course of an engagement, yielding a "gate" for the performances of Friday and Saturday double that of the opening and assuring an even more enthusiastic and profitable reception over the same route next season in a new repertory.

This year's plays included the comedies: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; the histories: "King Richard III," "King Henry IV, Part 1" and "Julius Caesar"; and the tragedy, "Hamlet." The process whereby this repertory may be gradually replaced so as to present other facets of Shakespeare's genius for any projected second tour next season may be seen in the intention to bring forth for the Spring festival in Stratford "Twelfth Night," "King Richard II," "Macbeth" and "Much Ado About Nothing," while "Romeo and Juliet" and perhaps one or two more will be added to the midsummer festival's schedule — a foretaste of what American Canadian admirers of the company may have an opportunity to see next winter in case the company returns.

The Tempest in Modern Melody and Spectacle at Rockford College

By Abbie Findlay Potts

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL says that the scene of *The Tempest* is laid 'At once nowhere and anywhere,—for it is in the soul of man, that stillvexed island, hung between the upper and the nether worlds, and liable to incursions from both.' Nowhere and anywhere? For Thomas More this 'nowhere and anywhere' was a possible *Utopia;* for Francis Bacon, a *New Atlantis;* for Shakespeare himself, an uninhabited island. Hopefully or ironically, according to their nature and training, artists are always eager to discover for us and tell us how to govern the 'soul of man,' this island still so little inhabited.

In what surroundings, then, might the human soul best be represented on the stage of the twentieth century?

What Plymouth Rock or Virginian soil is now left beyond the boundaries of the habitable world? None. Moreover, no longer does the thrill of adventure and romance cling to mere places. We have come to take our Lindbergh and our Byrd as familiar tokens of everyday life.

And yet when the aviator crosses 'the ooze of the salt deep,' and runs 'upon the sharp wind of the north,' his main business seems to be social and political. He cements the friendship between people and establishes the premises of the scientist. In his wake follow industrial enterprise and international good will. Indeed, the adventure and the romance of our time are urban and inter-urban.

This conviction led the producers of *The Tempest* at Rockford College to adopt for their recent performances a setting in which Shakespeare's civic action should appear not less familiar than are the streets and towers of our actual cities. Our island with 'everything advantageous to life . . . save means to live' must be—Manhattan. Over Manhattan flies Ariel; under Manhattan snorts and curses Caliban. There is our 'underworld'; there from the libraries and laboratories of Prospero come intelligence and command; there the 'vanity of. . . art' and 'open-eyed conspiracy' operate side by side; thence arise the many cries of 'freedom'—freedom for a Caliban to be a Caliban, freedom for an Ariel 'do his spriting gently,' freedom for a Prospero to enforce and enchant the rest of us. And, finally, there—somewhere near the three-mile limit—the ship of State, Commonwealth, is pounding on the rocks, tossed by the storm.

Should this interpretation of the scene of *The Tempest* not distress the auditor, he might then detect within the situations of the play other timeless adventures. He would find the practical man and the theorist at odds. Fierce pride of craft in sailor, thief, boot-legger, aviator, and philosopher would all remind him of the professional arrogance of our time. The impulsive younger generation would try to outwit the rational older generation—only to be outwitted. And the outwitting of the impulsive by the rational would be good only if the rational were good. He would see brutish men deifying the boot-legger—boot-licking. Business men and politicians would carry guns so that they might work their vengeance on their opponents. Brutes, wasters, and pedants would follow in the steps of the man of affairs; some of them might even look suspiciously like college boys.

In brief, the plot of *The Tempest* concerns the restoration to his office, chief of the public works, of a famous man of science, a philosopher. He has been exiled by men of affairs who think him impractical. When these

men of affairs, however, suffer shipwreck, they and he are both imperiled by a conspiracy between the professional funny man, the boot-legger, and the lowbrow, all under the influence of alcohol. Now these conspirators will gain their end, as Caliban advises, only by first burning the books of the philosopher.

This they have not the persistence nor skill to do, and the conspiracy is thwarted when the conspirators have been seduced by jazz music, worn out by their own unnecessary drunken wanderings, and finally distracted by their theft of beautiful garments belonging by right to the student, the soldier, and the policeman. They are hunted into sobriety again by real guardians of the law, and at the end even a monster might say:

> What a thrice-double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
> And worship this dull fool!

For whom has the state been saved? For those most happy of lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda. Shall a Ferdinand not be content to pile logs or study books if the mistress whom he serves 'quickens what's dead' and make his 'labours pleasures', and shall a Miranda not be willing to serve him if he 'speak true' in promising to 'love, prize, honour' her? To celebrate their betrothal, the philosopher first teaches and then delights them. His lesson, appropriately couched in the vivid and racy terms of everyday speech, reads as follows:

> Look thou be true; do not give dalliance.
> Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
> To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
> Or else, *good night your vow.*

Evidently such a caution was necessary in those olden days. We, not needing it, are better pleased with the quaint masque which follows the homily. Representatives of the interpretative arts, of the domestic arts, and of the civic arts appear on Olympus or Parnassus or some other college campus, and wish the lovers well, bless them with what the young man calls a 'most majestic vision, and harmonious charmingly.'

Just at this point the revolt in the underworld becomes audible: the boot-legger, the dull clown, and the drunken tough are heard noisily approaching. 'The revels are ended.' and in one of the saddest passages of human wisdom Prospero says:

> These our actors
> As I foretold you were all spirits and
> Are melted into air, into thin air;
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Like Art, life is a dream. Or, in other words, just as there is no place where the arts, civic, domestic, and interpretative, can bless young lovers without peril from the conspiracy of the fool, the drunkard, and the brute, so Life itself is always ruined in this very way, by life.

But Prospero himself knows better, and in the next words he comes to himself—that cure of the philosopher must precede the cure of all whom he directs. He apologizes for *his* weakness, *his* infirmity, lack of faith and intemperate thinking:

> A turn or two I'll walk
> To still my beating mind.

A little wholesome physical exercise does wonders for him, and we shortly see the triumphant illustration of his genius. He cures not only his own distemper but the characteristic madness of all the others. The political materialist ceases to look for his missing son in the mud; the men of their own affairs begin to study other people's affairs; the theorist becomes

less abstract and more enthusiastic; the brute becomes strong; the waster starts to conserve; the pedant begins to ask for meanings from his voluminous notes. Even Ferdinand and Miranda leave their game of bridge and discover life:

> O wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
> That has such people in it.

Best of all the ship of state has been saved, 'is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when we first put out to sea.' Sum of all, 'all of us [have found] ourselves when no man was his own.'

What, then, is the cure for civil tempest and personal madness? Justice, the doctrine of minding one's own business. The student, though his books be heavy as logs, shall study, the guardian shall guard, the worker shall work, and the philosopher must rule. In that case, says Prospero, 'please you, draw near.' If men, minding their own business, draw near, the ruler may abjure his rough magic, break his staff, and—deeper than did ever plummet sound —may drown his book.

Prospero, wearing a cap and gown instead of a 'hat and rapier,' is not less the Shakespearean aristocrat for all that. That his flat on the top of a skycraper can be reached by Ariel in an aeroplane and by Caliban in an elevator scarcely invalidates Shakepeare's spiritual geography or economics. Shakespearean fools call each other monkey' with no diminution of propriety in these post-Darwinian days. Shakespearean water-nymphs that have become bathing-beauties may dance with Shakespearean sicklemen that have become tennis-players by a mere translation of terms. At the appropriate social and political crises guns are pulled even to-day. The good old lyrics come out of the air on the radio in these good new times. There are moving pictures of past events, and televisionary and telephonic reports of contemporary occurrences; and the cry 'Thought is free!'—characteristic of a Caliban—still rings on the lips of monstrous modern self-eaters. In short, ours, too, is a brave kingdom where we have our 'music for nothing.'

It was Prospero himself who begged a new stage-setting for an old plot, and a new application for an eternal idea of civic beauty:

> Let me not . . . dwell
> In this bare island by your spell;
> But release me from my bands
> By the help of your good hands;
> Gentle breath of yours my sails
> Must fill, or else my project fails. . .
> As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
> Let your indulgence set me free.

A TRIPLE PRODUCTION IN ARIZONA

A unique feature in dramatic production was that of the classes in play production and scenic design at the University of Arizona, February 27, when three casts gave three interpretations of the wedding scene in Shakespeare's play, "Much Ado About Nothing."

The three methods of production were done the same evening. The first was the traditional production, played as Shakespeare ordinarily is by popular producers in the country. The second method was the modern interpretation, at which the Friar was called a minister, modern costume was worn and the lines were changed. The modern speech was written by the class in play production. The third method is an advanced method, called the symbolical futurism. This is the idea of the class on future method of preparing plays.

In each case the cast was made up of different members, in most instances taken from the class in play production. The setting for the separate wedding scenes was entirely different, depending on the interpretation sought. The scenery was prepared by the class in scenic design and stage lighting.

PLANNING FOR SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATIONS IN THE SCHOOL

(The following practical suggestions for arranging celebrations are taken from an article in *Drama,* April, 1928, by Percival Chubb, of St. Louis, a well-known writer on the teaching of English and former president of the Drama League of America.)

IT is axiomatic that the program for the Birthday Celebration should grow out of work actually done and not be one specially manufactured for the occasion.

It may be a single, whole play presented by the Senior Class, with participation by the whole School—in song, in a processional, in decorations, in some costuming (costumes used in class presentations), in dancing of folk-dances, or what-not.

Or one of these features (converting the occasion into a festival) may be made central: a procession, a pageant, a song-festival, with the dancing—outdoors perhaps. Each class will have one or two plays to turn to some account. Many will have songs to sing, dances to dance, or they may contribute tableaux.

Or there may be "bits" out of the plays,—a scene: a forest scene out of *As You Like It;* a fairy scene out of *Midsummer Night's Dream;* a mob scene out of *Julius Caesar.* Or, we may be simpler still, where conditions cramp us: we may have simple speeches. The writer remembers so well the eager interest of his school in the competitive rendering of Portia's speech on mercy. The courage to be simple is a jewel. Better a simple thing well done than an ambitious thing poorly or nervously done. We must respect the children's nerves.

Of course departmental coöperation is assumed,—music first, physical training for the dancing and marching (no ragged marching!), art and crafts for costumes, scenery, properties, decorations, programs and posters.

Finally, the school climate must be right. It ought to be. Shakespeare may well have been the literary study in all English classes during March and April, and Elizabethan music and dances the regular work in the Music and Physical Culture Departments. The celebration will be a touchstone of success in the work. Success will mean surviving zest and eagerness. It may be a very joyous occasion. It may anchor a child's literary and dramatic ambitions for a lifetime. And how much else!

The chief argument for a Shakespeare Celebration in our Schools is that Shakespeare is Shakespeare only on the stage. The old word-and-meaning study is out of date. His works exist to be played. There lies our hope. The young like drama; and dramatic momentum wil hurdle the difficulties. Those words in the text-book are just the notation for rendition, as are the notes on a music-score for the conductor who sees them as sounds. This text of *Julius Caesar* means sounds, gesture, actions. To "read" the words is to transpose them both auditorily and visualy. A play is "theatre," just as a lyric is song. A good teacher will see to it that as far as possible when a play is being read for the first time, it shall be read by the mind's *eye.* There is not a sequence of speeches,—one speaker at a time: there is a visualized group of actors,—characters in action in a specific place. And then there is the beauty of speech for all those who have any ear. The teacher must reveal that beauty by his own reading.

The reading of Shakespeare will, of course, have to be conducted on this theatre basis from the outset, and should be carried through four years of progressive study. Dramatic interpretation will be the method throughout. That means a great broadening of educational purpose and procedure. Besides the "fundamental brain-work" of comprehension, — the whole design, the patterning of Act and Scene, —there will be essential education in speech, manners, carriage; team-work, with its subordinations and its call for self-forgetfulness; in all that is involved in the understanding of place, time, scene, costume, properties.

The controlling purpose and spirit and method of it all must be educational. There

are dangers. Excessive ambition is a danger. There are too many signs of hot-house professional ways in school dramatics. That means too much "fuss"; too great a disturbance; too much time spent; dislocation of school schedules; tension among the students. There is much to be said about these points. Let me record that once when I was hard-pressed, a compassionating school patron had a professional actor sent to help me out. His work was educationally ruinous. He was an externalist. I had been working from the inside out. He worked from the outside to—the outside. He was thinking of results only; I was thinking of the process first. We must beware of being superficial and spectacular and of pressing for a degree of finish for which these boys and girls have to tip-toe. To a sound taste the result is actually unpleasant.

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Suitable plays for production in Shakespeare festivals are the following:

HIGH SCHOOL

Shakespeare's Lovers in a Garden, Riley, Summy, 50c, music, $5.00.

Fortune and Men's Eyes, Peabody, Harcourt Brace, in Cohen's *One Act Plays,* $2.25.

The Boy Will, Rogers, in Cohen's *One Act Plays,* $2.25.

If Shakespeare Lived Today, Dunsany, French, 50c.

The Good Men Do, Osborne, in *Harvard Plays,* Brentano, $1.25.

A Road House in Arden, Moeller, in *Five Somewhat Historical Plays,* Knopf, $1.75.

The Dark Lady of The Sonnets, G. B. Shaw, Brentano (*Misalliance*), $2.25.

The Rehearsal, Baring, in *Diminutive Dramas,* Doubleday Doran, $2.00.

JUNIORS AND JUNIOR HIGH

The Fairies' Plea, Maud Morrison Frank, in *Short Plays About Famous Authors,* Holt, $1.50.

The Day Will Shakespeare Went To Kenilworth, Kathryn Lord, in *The Little Play Book,* Duffield, $1.50. Jr. High.

Master Skylark, E. W. Burrill, The Century Co., $1.50, Jr. High.

Forty Minute Plays From Shakespeare, edited by Fred Barker, MacMillan, 80c., Jr. High.

Master Skylark, edited by Lutkenhaus in *Plays for School Children,* The Century Co., $1.75.

Master Will of Stratford, Louise Ayres Garnett, Macmillan.

Pageant Type

The Pedlar, Scholes, (Winter's Tale), Womans Press, $1.00.

Wooings and Witches, Sutton, Womans Press, 50c.

Fools and the Fairies, Scholes (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), Womans Press, $1.00.

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A most valuable pamphlet, *The Shakespeare Booklet,* which may be obtained for twenty-five cents from the Drama League of America, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, contains programs for schools, Shakespeare Festival for upper grades, suggestions for Masque of Flowers, outlines for normal school festival, festival founded on Fools in Shakespeare's Plays, etc., bibliography.

From the same office and for the same price may be secured an attractive set of Shakespeare Postcards.

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The late Honorable JOHN DEWITT WARNER, for some time member of Congress, from New York, was a charter member and a vice-president of the Shakespeare Association of America. He was the author of many scholarly papers on Shakespearean subjects.

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KATHERINE THE FAIR

By JOHN DEWITT WARNER

IN staging minor historical characters, Shakespeare has frequently preserved only such traits as more sharply define the role in which he cast them; until, instead of being taken from life, they are more largely his invention—devised and used for his purposes—than truly speaking for those whose names are borrowed for them. Of this there are no more striking examples than are two of his Queens—Katherine the Fair and Margaret of Anjou.

In *Henry VI* a dramtaic focus was needed for a chaos that had none; and he supplied one by so painting the portrait of Margaret—the Puppet King's foreign Queen—as to make her the scape-goat of the sins of England's nobles and Churchmen and Statesmen in her day—than whom none were ever more prone to do evil—so that we know her mainly for what she never was. But in *Henry V* he staged Katherine of Valois as a mere ray of the halo of royalty and love, and of the triumph that crowned the hero King. This left little to be said of her and Shakespeare has said but little—so little and so told that in her case we are misled by his omissions.

But of cases in which a Lady's repute is concerned, this is the one in which we need not worry. She certainly would not have done so. Not even immoral—as judged by the standards of her time—no woman was ever more utterly without scruples of her own or more good-naturedly considerate of those of others. After a career in defiance of British conventions, she had no enemies except political ones, and left to her descendants to compose such an epitaph and so to disopose of her remains as not to shock propriety—a puzzle it took them centuries to solve.

She was the daughter of Isabeau of Bavaria, Queen of Charles the Silly of France; and that mother was a monster, even for her day. Of such beauty and so seductive that she was a walking marplot, her charm was of the uncanny sort that left her equally abhorred by those to whom she had given favor or denied it. Others have been the perverts of love, hate or ambition. But she seemed to have appetite instead of passion, her mother instinct scarcely lasted until her babes were weaned; the loss of a lover was consoled by an alliance with his murderer; and her tireless intrigues just missed success from the disgust she inspired in those on whom she depended—until she died—in the chateau where she had been caged for years as a foul beast in order to avert the omen of her presence at functions of Church or State.

Fate had early damned her. Affianced at fourteen to the worn-out young King Charles VI, at first sight of her he insisted on immediate marriage; and they were wed and she made Queen of France before she had learned a word of French. The wedding festivities closed with an orgy of wine and lust, in which Louis of Orleans, the bridegroom's brother, gained the title of the "Queen's cavalier"—which she confirmed by very womanly and unwomanly attention. Charles grew ever more nervous and flighty till in one year his wits were cracked by a mad prophet, and next year scared out of him by the fright of a masque in which he and his suite, dressed as satyrs, took fire and the others roasted alive. He forgot his Queen, his children, his name. The Queen and Orleans sequestered him and themselves to be free from interference. It was during this period—when the King's mind and her mother's repute were at their worst—that Katherine "the Fair" was born, the Queen's tenth child.

Such a "bringing up" as she had! Her first memories were those of the old Royal Chateau of St. Pol, where she and her brothers and

sisters were let run wild in splendid neglect, left dirty and ragged and often hungry—with their childish father making one of them as they romped and wept or talked of how badly the Queen treated them—and how proud was Orleans—who was always with her—and why she was so harsh—especially to "George"—as their father called himself—who hid when she appeared—and how they could revolt or run away.

One amusement they had. The crazy King doted on Mystery plays; and so for years they had no end of them—till they knew the Fall and the Flood and the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment by heart, and just how Hell and Heaven and God and the Angels and Devils all looked—a good deal better than if they had been prize Sunday school scholars of today. When the King tired of these his guardians invented cards for him; and during the later years, he would sit for hours at a time at a sort of solitaire—sorting and grouping Kings and Queens, Jacks and Bishops and clowns and men at arms—black and red; for his packs had more cards than ours. The children played with these too. But they fast grew too old for the more and more childish games that soon became the only ones the King could play.

One day a lithe, brown-eyed girl was brought to the King, fighting and crying till she saw the poor zany follow her about and seek a soft touch or a kind word like a lost dog; on which she stroked his face and told him stories and learned to love him and became known as the "left-handed Queen"—whom the children loved; with whose babies—for these came—she and they and the daft King all played together; and to whose voice he never failed to yield.

When Katherine was about three years old, the King "came to" and remembered and talked sensibly of himself and France. When this was told the Queen, she and Orleans fled with the royal children and Burgundy's heir as well. and asked the Dauphin whither he wanted to go. "To my father," said the boy, and they took him back, too. But the King soon relapsed; the Queen and her paramour returned with her children, and there was soon left of the episode only two feuds—one between Burgundy and Orleans and the other of the Queen against her oldest boy, the Dauphin. Three years later Burgundy had Orleans murdered as he was leaving the Queen's apartments; and a few years later still the King "came to," shut up the Queen, sent her last lover's corpse floating down the Seine with a placard pinned to it—"Make way for the King's justice," and sent little Katherine and her sisters to the convent of Soissy. At the convent Katherine was taught to broider, play the lute and sing and dance, and to bear herself like a Princess—in each of which she did her best, and in all did so well that the nuns were proud of her and only hoped her mother would forget her—as she seemed to have done.

Such were the auspices under which Katherine grew up—precocious, wary, crafty, cynical, older and harder than her years—with two sharp ears that heard much they ought not to have heard—with two great eyes that saw more than they ought to have seen—with a winsome mouth that she learned to keep shut, but trained promptly to smile without stopping to ask why—a girl to whom the world showed itself as a "vanity fair," where are snatched or bought all one gets, and where love and virtue and honor are poor jokes.

Such she was when Henry V of England was crowned in 1413. Jilted by Isabella, her oldest sister, widow of Richard II, to whom he first proposed, he then asked Katherine's hand. The Queen saw her chance and leagued with Burgundy to favor Henry; who now claimed the French crown and declared war, while she plotted against her husband and sons. Until Agincourt she had to be prudent; but when the flower of the royal party were

left dead on the field in that battle she "got busy" indeed. The next Christmas, her son, the Dauphin, died—poisoned; in February his successor, her second son, died in the same way. Her third son, thus becoming Dauphin, shut her up at Tours, and survived in health himself. But she finally escaped, got possession of Katherine, whom she now petted as much as she had lately neglected her; so dressed and posed her as to show her off; drilled her in every seductive way; set going reports of her beauty and wit; conspired against the Dauphin, and bided her time.

It came when Henry took Rouen. He had proposed to Katherine merely because she was the only French Princess left for him. But now the Queen arranged a meeting at which she fairly threw Katherine at his head; and he fell at the first shot—dead in love. Burgundy's murder by the Dauphin's man drove his successor to the English for revenge; and after the French had been crushed in battle after battle, the treaty of Troyes was signed by Charles—no longer capable of knowing what was done—by which in effect Katherine was given to Henry, the Dauphin disinherited of the French crown, Henry pledged to help the Queen conquer the provinces the Dauphin still held, and the Queen left regent of France till the old King died. Henry wed Katherine June 2, 1420; her father was put out of sight; and his Queen and the bridal couple entered Paris in pomp.

Their honeymoon was a ghastly one. Under Henry's lead the English troups and the Queen's forces now joined to crush the Dauphin and conquer France for the English. With all the glory of a tournament, and all the dash of a knight who fought before his lady, Henry made their wedding tour a pageant of horror. For in spite of silly King and false Queen and weak Dauphin, the French people were at bay and fighting desperately. Their pluck provoked Henry, who attacked one French City after another and sacked and starved and ravished and butchered—in hot blood and in cold blood —ever more cruelly as he grew more important, as he and his bride left her land a blackening waste behind them in which her countrymen rotted as carrion or crept about stripped and famished.

Long and bitterly was she hated in France, as report told of how gaily she had borne herself in scenes even to hear of which made men's flesh creep; and how she never asked her lord for pity on soldier or virgin; babe or gray beard. By Christmas, though the Dauphin was still at large in the south, the harried land was so nearly quieted that Henry could leave—as he did—with a festive processional that mocked the misery in her France through which it passed, and stirred to delirious joy his England to which it came.

At Westminster, St. Valentine's Day, 1421, Katherine was crowned Queen of England. Then after a brief rest with his bride—the last one he ever took—and somewhat of settlement of English affairs—Henry left for France to "finish it," commanding Katherine not to let her child be born at Windsor; against which a rhyme had warned him. She disobeyed, and their son, afterwards Henry VI, was born there. As soon as she could travel, Katherine went to her husband in France. He was conquering, as he always was, but already so stricken with disease that his campaign was a race with death, which caught him at Cincennes, August, 1422. In the year previous their festal pageant had swept from Paris to London. Now his funeral took the same course, headed by black-robed priests preceding the coffin, and a mile of mourning pomp between it and the distracted Queen, who followed as widow on the way she had passed as a bride. In England a weeping nation met and swelled the procession, till at last London was reached and the dead King laid at rest in its black-hung Cathedral. Parliament was summoned and opened by Katherine in the name of the babe she held in her lap. Bedford was made

regent and the custody of the young King provided for; and then Katherine disappears for thirteen years—a proof that she was not a mischief maker; which is corroborated by the little we know of her during that time.

She was a dashing widow of twenty-one. At Agincourt, Owen Tudor, a Welsh squirren, had rescued King Henry, had been knighted on the field for his valor, had been attached to the King's person, and on Henry's marriage had been assigned to Katherine's special service. On the first Christmas after her year of mourning, she "commanded" a jig of him; and when he fell into her lap she so gently chided that all saw that he had tumbled into her heart as well. Her maids of honor warned her against making too much of one so lowly born; but her explanation—that she had seen his pedigree and that he was descended from Kings; also that, knowing only French nobility, she could judge of others only with her eyes, and that by these Owen Tudor and his cousins were the most Kingly men alive.—This started other tongues wagging, until Bedford had Parliament forbid such a marriage as would be that of herself with Tudor.

But she cheerfully remarked "how lucky it was they were married already"; proceeded to demonstrate this by bearing him a remarkably fine lot of children, and showed a more than wifely confidence by having him appointed keeper of her wardrobe. As to a marriage certificate of ecord, she never produced any, and none was ever found—though long and anxiously sought for with the zeal befitting a document that so concerned the honor of a Lady, a dynasty and a nation. She was reputed a kind mother to the boy King, whom the English nobles took from her as early as they could; but she was careless of what the English thought, asked only to be left alone, and was willing to meet them half way—thus avoiding the trouble a less tactful lady might have had. Told that the British matrons were indignant at her small respect for Henry's memory, she graciously wore black on all public occasions and most becomingly posed as the inconsolable Queen widow. Elsewhere, especially at her happy home, she was buxom Dame Tudor, a model of wifely and motherly devotion. This adjustment worked well. English duchess and countesses never "called on her"; she never bothered them; and etiquette made them her obedient servants whenever they met her in black—until Bedford was succeeded by Gloucester, whose strong point was meanness to women.

As her son grew older and always showed affection for her, Gloucester more and more dreaded her influence; and in ways first petty and then serious plotted to trap Tudor and her, until, as she was again to become a mother, he drove her into sanctuary at Barmondsey Abbey. Here, pining for her last babe—a girl they never let her see, haunted by her disobedience in going to Windsor when Henry had forbidden it, and spending more and more of her time in prayer that its curse might be averted from her son, the boy King who had thus been born there, she died of a broken heart, leaving her body and her child to the charity of the nuns.

Some might have doubted what to do. But English nobles made no bones. On the one hand, they treated her corpse as if the Abbey, where she died, had been her refuge from the world from the day Henry's death had bereaved her, gave her a splendid funeral, laid her at rest by the husband of her youth, the great Harry; put over her an epitaph in which her devotion to his memory was celebrated and her latter life ignored; and on the other set plans on foot to catch and kill Tudor. But he suddenly appeared in the boy King's presence, dared his detractors to face him, won the King's confidence, became the stoutest and bravest of his body guard, and died fighting for him; while his children were adopted and royally provided for by their royal half brother.

One might have hoped that Katherine could rest now. Not at all. After her hapless son

was dethroned and murdered, and York's short line had ended, and her grandson, Henry Tudor, was King, an epitaph that bastardized him would scarcely do. So he had a new one graven on her tomb in which she was given her due as the wife of Owen Tudor and the grandmother of the reigning monarch. But even this brought her no quiet. The space her tomb took was wanted for Henry VII's chapel; so her body was dispossessed and left exposed at Westminster until a place could be found for it—for she had been so well embalmed that the air appeared not to harm her. Other matters then so occupied men of State that year after year, right on while one generation after another of her descendants reigned, their most distinguished ancestress was shown for sixpense and could be kissed for a shilling by any one who cared—as many did—thus to know and salute Katherine the Fair. People told how, when dying, she had imposed this penance on herself for having disobeyed her husband; and the custody of her body became more and more profitable to those who took the fees—until, in 1793—more than three hundred and fifty years after she had died—she was laid away from the eyes and the fingers and the lips of men—such desecration as no Egyptian mummy had suffered. Since then she has rested in the chantry above Great Harry's tomb—in the noblest company of Queens death ever grouped together—at rest except for the melody that daily thrills her dust—until of late every crown in Europe—except that of the Sultan—is worn by one or another of her descendants.

As to Katherine herself: It is scarcely fair to stop with the obvious conclusion that she was not the debonair, cold blooded, sham-shy little minx that Shakespeare sets as a foil for the headlong wooing of his King lover. She was too evidently a woman of charm and character. She must be kept apart in our view from her detestable mother, and that mother's neglect left her largely so in fact. But at best she was a precocious girl—who had seen too much and knew too much to be credited with any bloom of innocence, or halo of maidenhood; and without blaming her for it, we must deny her the pedestal on which in happier case we should have been glad to place her. But respect is due her. Peculiar as were her relations with Tudor, they were rather her defiance to unnatural law that had no sanction for her than aught at which a woman as such need blush. Of their mutual love and loyalty, of her frank devotion as a wife and mother, and her affection for her husband and children, through which she was in fact done to death, no one ever made question. Again, though she had been set as a baited hook to catch her first husband—England's hero King—and one revolts at the waste of such ardor and love as his on such a misbred chit as she was—she kept his love and returned it. Her disobedience was but willfulness; her repentance was bitter and lifelong; and, though daughter of so vile a mother, and reared in moral and social contagion, no breath of grosser scandal ever touched her. In short, one comes to see her as a woman whom fate denied the place for which at heart she was fitted; but who rightly despised rank and royalty as she know them, took up a woman's burdens, sought a woman's rewards and filled a woman's part.

That her body should have remained for centuries the butt for just those attentions a Valois princess, a Plantagenet Queen and a home loving matron would most have abhorred —even this was not so pitiful as it seemed. Experience had taught her to care little for appearances; and her ghost will not have slept less or walked more for anything dandies or clowns may have done to the body for which it no longer had use. And whithersoever she shall have passed, one cannot doubt but that Katherine the Fair will have a better chance to be known there for what she really is than was ever vouchsafed her on earth.

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SHAKESPEARE ANYWAY

"My niece is quite theatrical," remarked old Mrs. Blunderby. "Next week she is taking part in a Shakespeare play at college."

"Which one of the plays is it?" asked her caller.

"Edith mentioned the name of it," answered the proud aunt. "But I'm not sure whether it's 'If You Like It That Way' or 'Nothing Much Doing'."

TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE AND THE DELIGHT OF MY HEART, ANNE HATHAWAY.

(Lines attributed to Shakespeare).

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To breathe delight, Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,—
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day.
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,—
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!
She hath a way with her bright eye
Their various lustres to defy,—
The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture, the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven, Anne hath a way;
She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.

SOTHERN ON SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL

Mr. Sothern holds that Shakespeare would be as popular today as ever if there were actors who could present him as did Garrick, Irving and Booth; and in the municipal and repertory theatres Mr. Sothern sees a school that will, in time, produce actors and actresses who can give to Shakespearean rôles the greatness of interpretation needed to return them to public favor.

"Shakespeare cannot be 'revived,'" Mr. Sothern said. "His plays will return to the stage when there arises an actor great enough to give them the great interpretation which they require. There are many fine, excellent actors today, but it will require the genius of someone like Betterton or Keene to bring Shakespeare again to popularity."

Mr. Sothern, whose recent retirement from the stage carried with it the happy fame of one of the foremost living Shakespearean actors, embraces in his views the philosophy of a half century in the theatre. During this time he has not only seen, but has been a part of the most sweeping change in the history of the spoken drama.

Sloganized advertising which developed the appeal of "million dollar" phrases is a part of it. Changed production facilities in the theater itself and the quest for the new and unusual have had no small part in the story which Mr. Sothern interprets.

When it became possible for companies to travel from city to city, a new performance arriving on every train, there was little demand for local organizations of players. Thus the stock company, "the training school of actors," began to disappear.

It also became possible to spend more money for a show which was to be presented several hundred, instead of several times. The "adequate simplicity" of the theater was superseded by a quest for elaborateness. "Big business" began to place its thumb prints on the theatrical ledgers.

"The municipally endowed, theater," Mr. Sothern says, "seems to be the institution which will fill the place in the development of great actors once occupied by the stock companies. Notable progress has been made in this movement. I have been interested to see that, among others, the Civic Theater in Detroit is making rapid strides toward adequate financial support for the able direction of Jessie Bonstelle.

"The one word of caution needed is that this movement should not pass into the hands of a lot of enthusiastic people going around on one toe. The desire to produce plays artistically and to train actors well is not sufficient. With it must be coupled the ability and the requisite soundness of background."

"The public—the real public—is sound," Mr. Sothern declared. "I say this despite the accusations concerning many current phases in the theater.

"The public, too, is fundamentally decent. The individual in the mass will laugh at situations in the theater which he would not think of tolerating in his own home. Social progress lags somewhat behind individual progress. It is useless to berate conditions of natural growth or to become discouraged because of certain freedoms of expressions comparable to historical cycles which have been survived without serious difficulty.—From *The Christian Science Monitor.*

The Shakespeare Association Bulletin

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PAUL KAUFMAN
Editor

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Other matters concerning the work of the Association should be referred to the Secretary, Miss Myra B. Martin, 15 Gramercy Park, New York.

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SINCE the present issue of the Bulletin carries a separate Name Index of the Annual Bibliography published in the January number, we are reminded anew of the opportune gift of the Carnegie Corporation which has made the printing and distribution of this unique bibliography possible. It is particularly appropriate that such aid should come from the funds of this Foundation, since Mr. Carnegie was a lifelong admirer of Shakespeare. Our readers will be especially interested to learn that he read the plays constantly and often quoted from them. Especially significant is the fact that his great gifts to American libraries were inspired in part by his desire that Shakespeare should be accessible to everyone. How fitting then that one of the aims actuating his munificence should be carried on by further aid in spreading knowledge of the great poet whom he loved!

* * *

The Committee on Coöperation is happy to report that a cordial understanding has been reached between the Association and the Drama League of America. It is not necessary to point out the significance of a coöperation between the two organizations or the possibilities of their united efforts in advancing the many purposes which they have in common. We have been much gratified to receive from Miss Sue Ann Wilson, Executive Secretary of the Drama League and from Mr. Theodore B. Hinckley, Editor of *Drama,* the official publication of the League, earnest assurance of their desire to form an entente cordiale.

Such an alliance has in fact been effected already in promoting the observance of Shakespeare's birthday throughout the country. Through the fruitful efforts of Mr. Howard Fleming, state membership chairman for New Jersey, the Drama League has welcomed the coöperation of this Association in developing interest in the annual celebration, particularly among the schools. Elsewhere in this issue we reprint from *Drama,* a suggestive outline of various ways of honoring The Birthday. Although these suggestions come too late to avail in preparation for the celebration this month, many Shagespearean performances of various kinds will be presented during the latter part of the school year. And we hope therefore that they may be of some use before scholastic sessions close in June.

At a time when the Association has received such generous financial recognition from one of the great Foundations we are sure that all members will feel the more encouraged by the increased usefulness of our society and will respond promptly to the treasurer's recent intimation that renewals of annual and sustaining memberships are now due. Particularly do we urge all who can possibly do so to become maintaining members and pay the dues of two dollars a year. A widespread response to this earnest invitation will do much toward the preservation of the original democratic ideal of the Association.

It is highly gratifying for us to be able to announce at this time that Mrs. Robert Carlton Morris has consented to assume the conduct of the Club Department in the Bulletin. Mrs. Morris has been from the beginning a vice-president of the Association and is widely known as one of the outstanding organizers of local Shakespeare clubs in the country. From her headquarters in Toledo she has been for many years the inspiration of Shakespearean activity in many local centers of Ohio and no one in America perhaps has had so much experience with community development of Shakespeare study.

We know that the Shakespeare clubs of the country will be glad to give Mrs. Morris their constant support by sending her the news of their activities that she may be able to present a valuable picture of their progress. The Club Department will appear under Mrs. Morris's editorship in the July issue.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Since third-class mail is not automatically forwarded, members should be sure to notify the Secretary promptly of any temporary or permanent change of address.

* * *

Communication

The Man Who Whips the Dogs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV, 4.*

To The Editor of The Shakespeare Association Bulletin:

In Launce's inimitable speech about his heartless and inconsiderate dog Crab there is a simple and not unintelligible sentence which the commentators have not been able to illumine. Crab, we may recall, had made himself obnoxious to the assembled guests and had been ordered to be whipped. Launce, remembering how often he had sat in the stocks for puddings Crab had stolen, pleads for the ungrateful cur with "the fellow that whips the dogs." The few editors who comment on this passage say that the fellow who whipped the dogs was, in all probability, the groom of the *stable.* In support of this view they quote the following passage from the old play of *Mucedorus* (a play which was once attributed to Shakespeare):

> *Mucedorus.* Oh, Master Mouse, I pray you, what office might you bear in the court?
>
> *Clown.* Marry, sir, I am a rusher of the stable (*i. e.,* I am he who strews the rushes on the floor of the stable).
>
> *Mucedorus.* Oh, usher of the table?
>
> *Clown.* Nay; I say rusher, and I'll prove mine office good; for look, sir,—when any comes from under the sea or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and strew rushes presently. Therefore, I am a rusher,—a high office, I promise ye.

That Mouse's was indeed a high office, and that he was not a mere "rusher" or groom of the stable, and that Shakespeare knew whereof he spoke when he referred to "the fellow that whips the dogs," are proved by the following quotations from the household accounts of—no less a family than the third and fourth Earls of Derby.

The 13th of the 14 "Orders touchinge the Government of my Lord (Henry, Earl of Derby) his house sett downe the xiith of Maye Anno regni Regine Elizabethe &c. xxix mo 1587" reads:

"Item that no Doggs of any sorte goe abroade in the house especialle at meale tymes, in respect they shall not deminishe the almes of the poore, or trouble gentlemen at meale tymes with fightinge."

The Rev. F. R. Raines, editing *The Derby Household Books* for the Chetham Society (vol. 31, p. xii, of their publications) in 1853, commenting on the above "Order," quotes the following passage from *The Household of an Earl in the time of James I* (p. 25):

"The Vsher is to see that noe dogges be suffred to tarry in the hall, for they will be robbers of the almes tubbs. The Groome is to have a whipp with a bell to feare them away withall."

Shakespeare's observation of a great Elizabethan household was as accurate in this as in other matters.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN

Waseda Opens Drama Museum to Honor Shakespeare Scholar

(Through the courtesy of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University we are privileged to reprint the following account from the Japan Advertiser, Tokyo, of October 28, 1928.)

JAPAN'S first museum of dramaturgy, built in the compound of Waseda University to commemorate the service rendered by Dr. Shoyo Tsubouchi,* honorary professor at the university, in the development of Japanese literature, was formally opened yesterday afternoon with a ceremony attended by more than 500 distinguished persons. The occasion also marked the 70th anniversary of Dr. Tsubouchi's birth and the completion of his translation of Shakespeare's work in 39 volumes.

Dr. Tsubouchi's translation of the complete works of Shakespeare is regarded as an imposing contribution to Japanese literature and in tribute to the achievement many congratulatory addresses were delivered yesterday by prominent persons, including Sir John Tilley, British Ambassador, to Japan, Prof. Mannen Ueda of the Imperial University and Mr. Fukusuke Nakamura, famous actor.

The ceremony was held in the open air in front of the museum. It began with singing of Kimigayo, the national anthem. Mr. Kenkichi Ichijima, chairman of the executive committee in charge of the erection of the museum, then gave a full account of affairs leading to its establishment, and Dr. Sanae Takata, president of the university, announced Waseda's plan to open the museum to the general public. He also lauded the literary work of Dr. Tsubouchi, declaring that it is one of the greatest modern literary accomplishments, if not the greatest, in Japan. He said Dr. Tsubouchi has been a pioneer in every walk of modern Japanese literary endeavor and that it was significant for the university to have a museum to commemorate his service.

* Dr. Yuzo Tsubouchi. His pen name is Shoyo.

Translation Called Best

Sir John Tilley expressed his appreciation for Dr. Tsubouchi's efforts to introduce to the Japanese people the most celebrated dramatist of his own country. While Shakespeare's work, he said, is translated into all languages, he was informed that the translation of "Julius Caesar" by Dr. Tsubouchi into Japanese is one of the best ever done.

In response to the congratulatory addresses, Dr. Tsubouchi expressed gratitude.

"In the earlier development of society," he said, "the play was usually of a religio-social nature to make it instructive to spectators. Theatrical performance was charged with a religious atmosphere and the spectators were religiously serious in atending. Later, however," he went on, "the play developed as an art. Pleasure in visiting a theatre grew until the play had become an entertainment to the theater-goer and a business enterprise for the promoter. Now the demand for a play that is a true expression of actual life is heard from all sides.

Foreign playwrights have begun to study the Japanese stage for inspiration. Japanese are doing the same thing abroad. In the face of this, the erection of a museum of dramaturgy is extremely significant and important as a new development in the art."

Institution Is Unique

The new museum is called the Tsubouchi Memorial Dramatic Museum. Although established as a part of the university, it will be thrown open to the public instead of being monopolized by students. The authorities of the museum say that this is the first museum of the kind in the Orient and one of the most complete in the world, if not the best.

Dramatic museums in the Western countries, say officials, are not so complete as desired, due to the fact that the collection of western material is extremely difficult. In Japan, however, materials showing the development of dramatic performance during a period of about 1,000 years fortunately have been preserved. In addition to this, Japan has a democratic drama known as Kabuki, which is unique in the world, and a wealth of materials such as old records, books and relics in connection with it have been carefully collected by the university.

It has long been a pet scheme of Dr. Tsubouchi to erect a special building to house all these valuable articles. With the plan in view he himself contributed 57 old pictorial sign boards used by various theaters, 5,657 books on drama, of which 1,981 are in foreign languages, many relics connected with the stage of old Japan. The establishment cost about 250,000 yens, of which 180,000 yens was contributed by graduates and friends of the university.

Three Stories With Tower

The museum is a reinforced concrete structure of three stories with a tower in the center. The building covers about 300 tsubo of land. It was erected and equipped at a cost of 150,000 yens. The plan was designed from an idea suggested by Dr. Tsubouchi himself. It represents the theatrical house which prevailed during the Elizabethan period and is modeled particularly after the old Fortune Theater in England.

The front view of the building represents such a stage setting in the interior of the Fortune Theater as might be revealed if the front wall were removed. The entrances to the building are on the sides. Wings, like those which constituted balconies for spectators at the time of Shakespeare, project on both sides. Windows on the wings represent the opening from which spectators looked down upon the ancient stage. Over the stage is a Latin inscription reading, "Totus Mundus Agit Histrionem" which is said to have been inscribed on the Globe Theater when the works of Shakespeare were offered there.

The wings of the building are used for research rooms, reading rooms, book stacks and exhibition rooms. The museum has in its possession about 30,000 ukiyoe by masters of the Yedo period showing famous actors of different periods posing in their favorite roles. Several hundred pictures are exhibited on the second and third floors in chronological order. Kimono, wigs, furniture and musical instruments showing the development of stage art also are exhibited. The museum contains 30,000 theatrical pictures, 2,500 books on stage art, 2,000 books on the Kabuki theater, about 4,000 pages of theatrical criticism written during a period from the Genroku to the Gaji period (1688-1864 A.D.), about 1,500 sheets of theatrical programs covering a period of about 152 years from the Kyoho to the Meiji era (1716-1868 A.D.), about 1,500 dramatic pictorial books and 400 scenarios which were printed also from the Kyoho to the Meiji era, 57 pictorial sign boards used by various theaters of old Japan and 5,657 books on dramaturgy.

SHAPING THE GORDON CRAIG MACBETH

(When George C. Tyler's production of "Macbeth" was in its early stages of construction, Gordon Craig wrote to Richard Boleslavsky, formerly of the Moscow Art Theatre and now Director of the American Laboratory Theatre, concerning certain problems to be overcome in the lighting of the scenes that he had designed. The letter, as reproduced below, reveals Craig, the imaginative craftsman, at work.)

"BOLESLAVSKY! The more I say, the more difficult for you—and embarassing. The less I say, the better you'll do it—for you know my likes and dislikes, and when you don't you've got heaps of ideas of your own. So go ahead and don't bother your head with "Am I doing as Gordon Craig likes"—I SHALL like it. I am so happy you are doing this.

"In the murder scene something like this. The fog to sink slowly during the scene. Try to keep it cold, queer and horrible looking. Try to sink the darkness as a veil sinks. Then, during the time the murder is being done, during some seven to eight pages, allow a slow but deliberate descending of shadow, not a lowering of light.

"Try to cast shadows of the screens on the backcloth, or whatever is back of them. Never mind which way they go, but get them to help the unreality of the situation. Don't fabricate the shadows, let them come if they will and can, while you are lighting the whole scene. Try to color each screen with green, blue or gray. If you can't then vary the colors to suit yourself—but no red or orange. Do not allow spotlights—but if possible give Macbeth and Lady Macbeth places where they can be sure to find light if a very wonderful bit of face-play is born. Can you have some good reflectors if they should be needed? Possibly they will not be needed at all, but I fancy some such lamps to rake the floor so that the actors paddle up to knees or ankles in a bath of one color and another color, a darker one, higher up. However, I have none of my designs with me now, nothing to go by—

"In the bridge scene, if possible, I want some silent wind instrument which will blow the damn cloaks like the deuce, but it's to come on and off in gusts, not regular, and also to blow a leaf, or a paper—something to just give a sense of air, anyhow, for the scene's sake. Let the light bear on the left side of the bridge—on the right side pretty indigoish and ugly day. Let it be gay and light, only the indigo on our side very ominous. Basta! The witches descend by a trap if it can be neatly done—in a flash—it's the last thing folk will expect. It goes well in this melodrama. YOU could help to make it lovely. (Don't kill the witches.)

"That passage seen outside the room where Duncan is supping to be lighted as nearly as possible according to the design. Make it feel like a passage—not a room. If possible get the shadow as indicated, and here again, as in the murder scene, do let it descend slowly. Let the edge be rather softened before it begins to come down. Inside the door let the red be brick red and not that damned vermilion or carmine. Somehow let it be seen at the hinge places. I'm not sure that a passing of stray reddish light to make a sort of curved passage of light on the floor now and again would be at all bad. See that Lady Mac keeps on pulling the door to—she must never mind the unreasonableness of it. Light should flare and go out as they sit and talk—and when it flares, a bit of silence. I didn't say so to Ross because. . . .

"In the big scene to be used for the last scenes—once break across it with your light, another time break it into three, for the top space seems to me a bit empty. I suggest try it, anyhow. What?

"In the banquet scene the Baldichino which covers the table of the guests is the place from which the light comes most of all, or seems to come, let's say. Keep it red and the places

round it orange; around them indigo, and die out at the sides. Lights inside baldichino red and yellow mixed, and let the stuff (painted) of the baldichino show transparent so as to increase the richness of its red and gold.

"I forgot to tell Ross this, very important: on the floor should be a rich gold and black carpet spread right along under table and chairs. A Celtic pattern on the carpet is as good as any other. Ross has a book of these.

"If in doubt about a good extra light to the baldichino, put one bang down on it from above. (Not fences, but supposed to be light and shadow for a garden. Can't draw them.) But you can make the light spit out. Although played like a melodrama, I do hope these supper people, the guests, will each act like a real guest. Do see that a real nice supper is served. No art will do in this extremity, but Mr. Tyler inviting them each night to a supper would do it—RIGHT.

"In the witches' cavern I haven't the faintest idea what Ross intends to do, but light it from the top and let lamps be as far upstage as possible and shoot down toward the stalls—Yes? All right. Colors to vary as you wish, but none of that ugly red. Shoot light through some disks with holes so as to get not one shaft to each lamp but 5 or 10. Yes? O. K. I am perfectly sure you'll find something better if that doesn't pan out.

"Look at the original drawings if in doubt. They say much more than I could write. So I won't say any more. Only bless you, and be as bold as you like."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

In Memoriam

SAMUEL SMITH ASHBAUGH
1852-1929

Samuel Smith Ashbaugh, a Vice-President of the Shakespeare Association of America, was born March 25, 1852, on a farm in La Grange County, Indiana. After graduating from Hillsdale College, Michigan, in 1876 he taught school for a few years in Michigan and Ohio. Following his admission to the bar he practiced law in Kansas for twenty-two years and became prominent in the political activities of that State. In 1907 he became an assistant attorney in the Department of Justice at Washington and represented the government in a number of important cases before the Court of Claims. Suffering from a stroke of paralysis in 1926 he was obliged to give up all official activities. He died on the first of December, 1928.

In addition to an unusually active career in law Mr. Ashbaugh for many years pursued the study of Shakespeare with an almost religious devotion. He collected a valuable library of nearly a thousand volumes and left manuscripts on a wide range of Shakespearian subjects. The wide learning and acute legal judgment which he brought to the investigation of Shakespearian problems made lasting impression upon those who were fortunate enough to know him personally. He was one of the original promoters of the Shakespeare Association and gave its activities zealous and generous support.

BRANDER MATTHEWS
1852-1929

Brander Matthews, a Vice-President of the Shakespeare Association of America, was born in New Orleans on February 21, 1852. Upon graduation from Columbia in 1871 he studied law and was admitted to the bar. Shortly afterward he joined the faculty at Columbia and entered upon a long, distinguished and picturesque career in the University. He died on March 31, 1929.

His wit and learning, the wide range of his writing, critical and creative, his fruitful association with many of the most eminent men of the time, his brilliant services in the cause of the theatre, are too well known to demand enumeration here. Throughout his life he was an ardent Shakespearian. For many years he gave a course on Shakespeare at Columbia; he was the author of *Shakespeare as a Playwright* and was joint editor with Professor Thorndike of *Shakespearian Studies,* a tercentenary tribute by members of the Department of English at Columbia in 1916. When his health permitted he was not only present but spoke at the annual meetings of the Association.

KATHARINE LEE BATES
1859-1929

Katharine Lee Bates, a Vice-President of the Shakespeare Association of America, was born on August 12, 1859, at Falmouth, Massachusetts. After graduating from Wellesley in 1880 and traveling abroad for four years she became Professor of English Literature at Wellesley and spent her entire life there in teaching and writing. She died on March 28, 1929.

Miss Bates was a beloved national figure for many years, and her hymn, "America the Beautiful," has a permanent place in the heart of the nation. She was a scholar, a critic and a poet, and her exceptional versatility is revealed in more than thirty volumes. She was one of the original life members of the Shakespeare Association, and in both teaching and writing she was one of the most prominent women in America in her generation.

"THE SPOKEN WORD"

From the studio of Mr. Windsor P. Daggett, 228 West 72nd Street, New York City, has come an admirable set of Victrola records including speeches by Rosalind and sonnets rendered by Edith Wynne Matthison; scenes from *Julius Caesar* by DeWolf Hopper and Baliol Holloway; the Ghost Scene from Hamlet in German by Alexander Moissi; and passages from *Henry 5th* by Walter Hampden. The preparation of such records is one of the notable educational innovations of the present age and Mr. Daggett is a pioneer in developing this device for illustrating and perpetuating the rendering of great literature by great voices. In connection with the records, Mr. Daggett has prepared a collection of interesting material entitled "Samples of Speech" which should not be overlooked by anyone professionally concerned in any way with the fostering of accurate and faithful reproduction of the English language. We bespeak widespread use of these attractive and sound publications.

PLANS FOR STAGE BUILDERS

An interesting outline for designing of amateur theatre stages is the result of research and consultation on the part of Nathaniel Reeid. Mr. Reeid, for three years, has traveled widely visiting schools and little theatres, and making a study of their mistakes and successes in stage building. He has prepared an outline drawing with suggestions for stage structure and layout that meets with the approval of many experts. There is a need for this sort of help in order to prevent easily avoidable mistakes and to secure efficiency and comfort in our new buildings.

All who are contemplating a new school or little theatre stage should write to N. E. Reeid, care of Longmans, Green & Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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ERRATA

in the January issue of the BULLETIN.

P.	4;	for	"698. *Axiophilus*"	read "689. *Axiophilus*"
P.	7;	"	"760a"	read "763a"
P	8.;	item	820;	for "CHAMBER" read "CHAMBERS"
P.	8;	item	802;	for "BOWTON" read "BOUTON"
P.	10;	"	870;	" "May" read "CM, May"
P.	11;	"	898;	" "G. E." read "G. F."
P.	13;	"	933;	" "Phsychology" read "Psychology"
		"	991;	" "Correcotions" read "Corrections"
P.	16;	"	1039;	" "673" read "671"
		"	1043;	" "BBIDGE" read "BRIDGE"
		"	1064;	" "GRA' " read "GRAY"
P.	18;	"	1108;	" "Woolcott" read "Woollcott"
P.	18;	"	1121a;	" 1121a" read "1122a"
P.	20;	"	1187;	" "NEO" read "Neo"
P.	27;	"	1417;	" "G. G." read "G. F."
		"	1431;	" "BRANDT" read "BRANDL"

IN BRIEF REVIEW

Shakespeare's Forgeries in the Revels Accounts. By Samuel A. Tannenbaum. New York: Columbia University Press, 1928. $15.00.

In an elaborate folio volume illustrated with some thirty facsimiles Dr. Tannenbaum has plunged into the vexed labyrinth of the authenticity of the various Revels Accounts of 1604-5, 1611-12. Courage, patience and skill are demanded of him who would venture into so dangerous a realm, but Dr. Tannenbaum possesses all three of these qualities and the present contribution to the controversies involved is of the first importance. He has developed a new technique of studying handwriting by enlargements and transparencies. In comparison therefore with the examination of the documents by previous scholars, his own methods are the first deserving to be considered adequately scientific.

His conclusions on the basis of impressive evidence are that "these Cunningham papers, with the exception of eight or nine lines, are forgeries from beginning to end . . .," that the "Malone scrap" was "in all probability a cleverly conceived paper introduced by the forger among Malone's papers for the purpose of bolstering up the claim of the suspected playlists; that the forger was, as some had thought, John Payne Collier."

This work is a credit to the Columbia University Press and to American scholarship.

Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists. Edited by E. H. C. Oliphant. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. $4.00.

This is volume one of a new "selection of some twenty-three plays illustrating the glories of the Golden Age of the English drama," provided with a general introduction, brief forewords to each drama, and glossarial notes. In his title Professor Oliphant indicates his purpose as anthologist: to emphasize the study of Shakespeare's plays in their original context of the Elizabethan Drama. "By adopting this method," he observes, "Shakespeare is first seeen in relation to his period and his place is definitely fixed in the minds of learners, and moreover they are enabled to keep their minds free, in some measure at least, from that prejudice against the work of Shakespeare's fellows which is induced by seeing their work segregated from his, as if it were not worthy to be considered when his is under review." Such an emphasis unquestionably is much needed. Of the soundness of the present text of the plays and of the introductory materials, Professor Oliphant's high standing as an Elizabethan scholar is sufficient guarantee.

Introduction to the Reading of Shakespeare. By F. S. Boas. London Oxford University Press. $1.00.

A welcome addition to a long succession of Shakespearian handbooks in the World's Manual Series of the Oxford Press. The range of the book is shown in such chapter headings as "Shakespeare's Theatrical Workmanship," "How Shakespeare Used His Library," "Some Features in Shakespeare's Drawing of Character," "Shakespeare's Language," "Shakespeare Through Three Centuries" and "Shakespeare Today." Appendix three lists "Some Shakespeare Societies"—in the British empire. An array of similar organizations around the world would be still more impressive.

Shakespeare's Stratford. By Edgar I. Fripp. London: Oxford University Press. $1.50.

Illustrated with especially attractive pictures, this latest guide to Stratford is unusually compact and informative. Mr. Fripp is a life trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace and author of a number of authoritative volumes on Stratford. He has brought together in convenient and popular form many details and illustrations which have been accessible hitherto only in more technical and inaccessible publications. We heartily recommend this to all who have any interest in Shakespeare at all.

Shakespeare: What He Means to You. By Nathan Kaufman. New York: George Dobsevage.

A brief survey by an enthusiast whose avocational interests have resulted in an agreeable compilation of facts and memorable quotations which will be welcome to many. The last chapter assembles an interesting list of book titles drawn from the plays.

TO MARY SHAKESPEARE.

On the Anniversary of the Birth of her Son, April 23d.

Sweet Mother of our smiles and tears—
Across the wastes of weary years—
As on a moonpath of the sea,—
My loving thoughts flow out to thee.

I would that I a moment's space
Might look upon the loving face
That beamed above his baby head
Asleep upon its bosom-bed.

I would that I might see the smile
That could his wayward will beguile;
The mobile movement of the lips
That gave his sorrows sweet eclipse.

The smile that ripples on to-day
When e'er thy sons and daughters play;
And too, the tear that bred the tears
The world has shed—three hundred years.

I would that I might see the eyes
That sparkled with a glad surprise,
When from his lips in infant days
The Great Divine perfected praise.

The bending head, th' attentive ear
That listened, hunger-wrought to hear
The first low whisperings of the law
That holds a wondering world in awe.

I would that I might hear the voice
That made his mighty heart rejoice,
That warded him from noise, and wrong,
And soothed his slumbers with a song;—

The music of that magic rune
That hushed his soul to perfect tune,
With all of earth, and sea, and air;—
And all good angels everywhere.

I would that I might feel the hand
That smoothed his brow, that gently plann'd
His first few footsteps on the floor,—
Who walks the world for evermore.

And, if I might but bend and kiss
The hand that oft enfolded his,
My lips would sure annointed be
To sing a song more worthy thee.

The children of thy body born
Have lived and died and passed the bourne;
The Spirit children born of thee
Inhabit all Eternity.

One son thou hadst, all sons above,—
But many daughters share our love,
And lead us back in thought to view
The first sweet woman that he knew.

Where youthful lovers wait to woo,
Sweet Juliet is fond and true;
Where loving father's tears are shed,
Cordelia soothes the sorrowing head.

Where jealousy provokes to ill,
Sweet Desdemona suffers still;
Where justice calmly mercy pleads,
Fair Portia ever intercedes.

For maiden lovers all distraught,
Ophelia wakes the gentle thought;
And love that never may be told,
Viola sweetens and makes bold.

When we encounter woman's wit,
Fair Rosalind inspires it;
And buxom youth mocks wanton age
In Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

And all these daughters fair of thine
Are sisters, lovers, wives of mine,
Who fill the house and move the soul
With a sweet delicate control.

They hold my hands, sweet mother mine,
As now I bend to thee and thine,
And o'er a moonpath of the sea
My loving thoughts flow out to thee.

Alfred H. Miles.

FOR A SHAKESPEARE GARDEN*

By Edna Davis Romig

Plant here a willow, for one there was
That grew aslant a brook,
Shadowing the sweet-flag, the calamus;
Plant daffodils, the sort that took
The winds of March with beauty. And close
To asphodel plant lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one; the rose,
Damask and red, uncankered at the heart.
And where the alleys start
Plant elm and beech which honeysuckle binds,
And aspen, cedar, balsam for the wilderness—
For Avon's garden, though it had no joys
In Elizabethan knots and coverts, colored earthern toys,
Cut images in box and yew,
Would yet have avenue
And entrance-green and a deep wilderness
From the main garden set apart.
Plant oxlip, bluebells, and violets dim
(Sweeter were his than lids of Juno's eyes);
Plant cuckoo-buds, cornflowers like blue skies,
The dog-rose and the columbine;
And row on row, plant perfume for the hours;
Wild thyme and lavender and eglantine,
Sweet marjoram and bergamot and mint,
And camomile and pungent gillyflowers,
The bloom of fruited trees, rosemary, rue . . . .
Plant these into this garden without stint,
With box and yew complete,
In memory of him
Who knows no age.
And planting say, "Here's flowers for you,
Yet know full well no flower blooms so sweet
As on Will Shakespeare's page."

* Written for the Shakespeare Association Bulletin.